BOERS URGED TO QUIT

CAPE COLONY THINKS THEY SHOULD MAKE TERMS WITH BRITAIN.

No Hope of Interference by Any Other Nation—Difficulties In the Way of Securing Peace Before the Boers are Annihilated.

[Special Correspondence.]

CAPE TOWN, Nov. 6.—There is a growing sentiment that the Boers should make the best terms they can with the British and end the war. It is alleged that much of the seeming sympathy for the Boers is really nothing but hatred for Great Britain, and thus early in the war it is evident that any sort of interference by other nations is out of the question. The Boers have once more shown themselves to be good fighters, and they might quit

BOER SOLDIERS.

with honor, as the Spaniards would say. The friends of the peace movement say, with much truth and plausibility, that all the British want is the gold and diamond mines and all the Boers want is to be let alone. Possibly the Boers might not object to some British gold without the trouble of mining it. With desires so divergent, it is urged that it is not yet too late to get together on some basis which would preserve the Dutch republics.

There are two great obstacles in the way of getting the Boers to quit fighting while they are yet alive. In the first place, they do not seem to know, as the world knows, that they have no chance. They cannot realize that previous battles with the British have been only skirmishes. They like to repeat the remark credited to an aged Boer who was asked the color of the British flag. "I've seen the British flag three times," was his reply, "once at Laingsnek, once at Majuba and lastly at Doornkop, and each time it was white."

There is little use of talking to such people before they are disillusionized. When they are partially whipped, they may be willing to listen to suggestions about peace, but not until then. What England would do when conquest is in sight must also be considered, but it is safe to say that her majesty's government would be generous to the Boers for the sake of the good opinion of the world, in which she well knows that she stands none too highly.

The other chief difficulty in the way of peacemaking is the fact that the Boers are not diplomats, as diplomats go, and have no faith in the promises of the English. Indeed they have very little faith in anybody except themselves, and what is known in diplomatic language as kind offices would be extremely liable to be turned down.

Another thing in the settlement of the present war is the fact that no interest will be satisfied with any sort of makeshift. The Boers have not objected to the demands of the aliens engaged in mining so much on account of the character of such demands as on account of the fact that they suspected that the whole thing was simply another English scheme for annexing the country without the trouble of fighting for it. The Boers who occupy the Transvaal, it must be remembered, are the descendants of the Cape Colony Dutch who, made citizens of England against their will when England annexed Cape Colony in 1814, after two troublous decades, finally took refuge in what is known as the immigration in 1836, in which Kruger took part as a little boy.

The Boer has tried to shut his eyes to the fact that a country that produces over $80,000,000 of gold annually cannot remain truly rural and that those who are producing this gold cannot remain satisfied with Boer civilization. On the other hand, the foreigners who have been worrying along with incomplete political education and social and physical conditions in Johannesburg ever since the gold production jumped to $10,000,000 in 1890, do not see why the Boers should not accede to their request.

If adjustment of the differences between the forces of progress and the forces of conservatism had been an easy matter it would have been accomplished long ago, and yet the observer who tries to be disinterested cannot help thinking that a more conspicuous element of good faith might have made things easier. The Boers have not seen the best representatives of British character, and it is possible that the time will yet come when they will lie down in peace with the lion—and only about half inside. CECIL HOYT.

MORMONS AT WORK.

SYSTEMATIC EFFORTS TO SPREAD THEIR RELIGION.

What Missionaries Say About Their Success—Leading Mormons Who Were Never Polygamists—Feeling Toward Other Religions.

[Special Correspondence.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 5.—Mormonism and polygamy are so closely associated in the popular mind that many people imagine no good thing can come out of Utah. There has always been strong opposition within the Mormon church to polygamy, and many leading church people of Utah refused to practice it in its palmiest days. I was deeply impressed when first here, some 15 years ago, by the fact that three of the most prominent Mormons in the city had only one wife each. They were the mayor of the city, the manager of the big Zion co-operative store and the superintendent of the railroad from Ogden, then the only one in the city, and owned almost exclusively by Mormon capitalists.

There is much love for their church among the Mormons, and energetic and apparently effective missionary work is being done throughout the world. Some recent reports of specific character are of interest. The following is not from some benighted backwoods district, but from the proud and progressive city of Chicago: "Thirty elders are now laboring in this city. Tracting is carried on daily. Since the weather turned too cold for street meetings a new branch has been organized, and indoor meetings are held at three different places. Besides the regular meetings, we have three Sunday schools, a relief society and a mutual improvement association in full working order. Much is expected from the determined systematized effort now being set forth. The conditions of the branch are quite satisfactory. Indeed the work is progressing steadily and firmly. The health of the elders and saints is good."

Mormon missionaries working in Trinidad, Colo., write as follows: "The work of the Lord is slowly progressing in this part of the vineyard. We have not been able to secure a place to hold meetings, as the ministers of the various churches seem to think they have the truth and therefore do not wish any 'contrary' doctrine preached to their congregations. Many of the people are steeped in prejudice to such a degree that it is very difficult to approach them with what they call 'a new religion,' but after their fears are allayed they are very desirous to hear us and drink in the word of God as revealed by our great latter day prophet."

Things are not quite so easy in Ohio, judging from the official report from Greenville: "We called at the mayor's office. When I told him that we represented the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and asked permis-

MRS. ELLEN ELLIOTT.

sion to canvass the city and sell books and also hold meetings, he informed us that it would be all right to hold meetings and distribute tracts, but to sell books we would have to take out a license. About this time a reporter came into the office and asked what church we were representing. I told him. The mayor then said he could not give us permission to do anything. He told us, however, that we could go ahead on our own hook. We have visited several hundred families. We are doing the best we can to break the bars of prejudice. On Nov. 16, while canvassing, we called on a man and told him our business. He became quite passionate, and he said he did not want us around his place. Another gentleman came on the scene. He used vile language and told us we would be 'fixed.' He talked of mobbing us. We remained, however, and talked with them for about an hour."

The attitude of the Mormons of Salt Lake toward other religions may be judged from the following article which recently appeared in The Deseret News, the official church paper: "Mrs. Ellen Elliott, the subject of this sketch, is the president of the Mothers' club, an organization having for its chief object the study of child culture, mothers' work and such kindred subjects as may aid in attaining a higher standard of motherhood, and especially as may be developed through a better knowledge and practice in the training of the child. Though instituted as a branch of the Presbyterian church, the club is in nowise sectarian, but welcomes all who may wish to avail themselves of the benefits of organized study and work along the lines marked as its object. In choosing Mrs. Elliott for its first president the Mothers' club secured the direction of one who, besides being devoted to high ideals in practical life, is also well versed in the rules, duties and obligations pertaining to successful club work."

Verily there are many sides to Mormonism. PETER WELCH.

A Mole Catcher.

A farm manager at Fodderty, Dingwall, Scotland, watching a mole catcher at work, saw sea gulls hovering over and occasionally alighting upon a turnip field in which the observer and others were at work. A particularly large and handsome bird attracted his attention by the graceful way it floated slowly over the drills, intently scanning the surface of the ground. Suddenly, steadying itself a moment, it dropped, dug its bill into the heaving ground and rose with a mole for its prey. Resting a few minutes, it gracefully began again a further search for prey. In a few minutes a second mole was unearthed.

Case of Cruelty.

A little girl whose acquaintance with the zoological wonders of creation was limited was looking at one of the elephants in Lincoln park, Chicago, while on her first visit to that popular resort.

Observing that the animal stood motionless near a watering trough, she said:

"Poor thing! Why don't they lift up his trunk and fasten it back so he can drink?"

BIG LEMON GROVES.

AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Years of Experiment to Find the Best Varieties and Ascertain the Amount of Water Required—Business Requiring Capital.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHULA VISTA, Cal., Nov. 29.—There are over 15,000 acres in California devoted to the raising of lemons. The number of nonbearing trees exceeds 275,000, and the number of trees now producing fruit is at least 675,000. The value of the lemons imported into the United States for the year ending June 1, 1899, was nearly $4,300,000. The foreign fruit came from Spain, Sicily, Italy and a few other places. As our domestic product is equal in every way to the imported fruit, it is certain that the industry, which is steadily growing in this state, has a future of great promise.

The largest lemon grove in the world is located in Chula Vista. It covers over 1,000 acres and is owned by one of the big corporations. About 30 years ago Frank A. Kimball acquired from a Frenchman named T. L. A. Rioche a tract of land 42 square miles in area. A little later Mr. Kimball purchased 12 lemon trees in the north at a cost of $2.50 each and thus laid the foundation of the lemon industry here.

There is only one drawback to the country here, and that is the scarcity of water. In 1887 the great Sweetwater dam was constructed, and it has, by means of pipes, furnished water for irrigating this section. For three winters, however, there has been scarcely any rain in southern California. It should be remembered that much of the land here is sold by big corporations, and a water right is annexed to each tract. This means that water will be furnished when the reservoirs are full, but when nature fails the companies are not under obligation to deliver water to their patrons.

This condition of affairs at first worked much hardship. The outlook is, however, now brighter. The people who own the lemon orchards are discovering that a surplus of water has been detrimental to the trees. The owners of the plantations also find that they can drive wells and strike water at from 60 to 90 feet. The cost is not more than $300. Then, too, they have learned another trick. The wa-

CALIFORNIA LEMON ORCHARD.

ter companies deliver a certain number of inches per year and do so at their own convenience. The owners of ranches all over this country are constructing reservoirs at an expense of about $200. These receptacles are simply holes in the ground, 80 feet in diameter and surrounded by a wall of earth and stone. The water is stored here until wanted and will remain without evaporation six or eight months. As the land companies are beginning to drive wells themselves and as a good price is asked for the water secured in this way, the fruit growers are becoming, owing to private reservoirs, less and less independent upon the caprices of the sky.

Good land with water rights may be purchased at from $250 to $350 an acre. Land covered with sagebrush and with no water privileges can be bought for $30 an acre, and the cost of cleaning is $5 per acre. The cost of a lemon grove at, say, 6 years of age and when each tree is bearing fruit is in the neighborhood of $1,000 an acre. The cost of young trees at the nurseries is from 30 to 50 cents each, and 80 trees are planted to an acre. It costs from $25 to $50 an acre to prepare land for lemon cultivation, and after this there is an expense of $20 yearly per acre to maintain the grove.

Lemon trees bear fruit every month in the year, although in January, February and March the yield is largest. The output of the state is sent east, and the greater part of the crop is consumed during the summer season. Thus the growers must pick their fruit with a view to keeping it for many months. Lemons are picked when green and when slightly turning golden and are then sorted out into different sizes. The fruit is washed and dried and then placed in airtight boxes, which are stored in a warm room. This is called sweating, and in a few days the lemons are again dried, after which they are placed in trays and these trays are kept in racks for three or four weeks. The fruit is then ready for packing, although it may be kept here in storehouses for ten months waiting a rise in price.

It is in the proper marketing of his fruit that the grower makes or loses well deserved profits. Others make the mistake of putting all of their capital into the grove at the start and when a dry year comes they get discouraged. It is best to purchase a well advanced orchard and after three dry years in southern California many orchards are for sale cheap. Then is a good time to make such investments.

WILLIAM R. BRITTON.

CRUEL IMPRISONMENT.

An Inmate of Baden Describes the Cellular System.

When the cellular, or Pennsylvanian, system of imprisonment was first proposed in Baden, I happened to listen to the debates in the house of deputies on that subject. It seemed to me then a most cruelly inhuman treatment even for the worst common criminals, and I wrote strongly against it. Now, I got a personal experience of it for having fought in the cause of German freedom and unity and of the elevation of the suffering masses to a better and nobler condition of life, writes Karl Blind in The Cornhill Magazine. The cell I was in at Bruchsal was but a few feet long and broad. Everything was quite clean. A strip of dimmed glass at the top of the room formed the window, so as to shut out the light of heaven. The small mattress bed, in which one could not turn, was screwed up against the wall during daytime from 6 o'clock in the morning. On the opposite wall there was fixed a narrow board, serving as a table, with a bench for a seat. This seat, immovable like the board, was so placed that the prisoner had to face the door when occupied in any way at the table. No chair. No possibility of lying down during the day. No means of walking up and down in this cramped room except at the risk of giddiness through incessant turning. In the door, through a sliding peep window which could be opened only from the outside, the food was shoved in. Any moment the captive could thus be inspected. On the corridor there was matting, insuring deathlike silence.

Out of that little cell I was again not allowed for a single moment to go as long as I was at Bruchsal—no exercise whatever, no book, no occupation of any kind. My sense of hearing had always been uncommonly keen, as it is still even now. I felt the absence of all sound so painfully that during sleepless nights or when I was lying half awake the ear, craving for some sound, became subject to a kind of hallucination. In some nights, between waking and sleep, it was as if I heard voices of men being strangled. Probably the foul air created in the narrow cell oppressed the brain and gave rise to disturbing fancies. In vain did I reason myself out of these nocturnal horrors during the day. Night after night they came back. In the underground but spacious casemate of Rastatt, with its holes in the wall on one side, its drafty door not quite covering the upper part of the embrasure and the nightly careering of rats, I had not had any such ghastly sensation. Again, while at Bruchsal I could scarcely take any food. "You will die if you do not eat," Matt, the turnkey, kindly whispered one day through the peep window. But I could not. The coarse dishes I got were quite unsalted, as if cunningly made to be indigestible and to bring about the ruin of health. It was a perfect torture. Though I had not undergone a judicial trial yet, I was, contrary to custom, not allowed anything that could have been bought, by way of relief from this torture, with my own money, which had been taken away when we were made prisoners.

I had resolved upon bearing everything without a word of complaint. My sufferings, however, became so intense that at last I asked for a little salt and a few grapes after Matt himself had said that I would die if I did not eat. But in spite of all his sympathy he, being himself watched by fellow warders, did not dare to bring even a pinch of salt. My request, he said, was refused by the prison authorities. Once, during daytime, the peep window went up, and a Prussian officer looked in, making some sneering remark.

One night the door of the cell was stealthily opened. I then lay awake, as was so often the case, though with eyes shut. A warder stepped in with a lantern, which he suddenly held toward my face. The flash of light was to scare me. Behind him there came another figure with a hideous leer on his face. I scarcely trusted my eyes at this latter sight. I looked closely at the man. Yes, it was he—Massa, the spy, who in February had betrayed us into prison at Karlsruhe at the very beginning of the revolution. He only glanced at me for a few minutes with a satanic expression and then glided silently away with the warder. This nocturnal apparition, theatrically arranged, was manifestly intended to unhinge the mind of a captive who was kept like a wild beast in a cage without bodily exercise and without any intellectual occupation. So the horrible days and nights passed.

Death to Dispatch Couriers.

Carrying dispatches in the present war between the British and the Boers is exceptionally dangerous. The British employ natives for such service, as they are swift and cunning, but many of them are

NATIVE MESSENGER SHOT BY BOERS.

the victims of the superior marksmanship for which the Boers are famous. The accompanying illustration was drawn by Stanley L. Wood for an English newspaper and shows how one of the native messengers met his fate.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

An Interesting Discussion on a Very Ancient Question.

"Mentioning the subject of queer names," said the man from the east as he smoked meditatively, "I had an uncle whose name was Woodenleg."

"Is that your name, may I ask?" inquired the man in the next seat.

"No. He was an uncle by marriage only. But my aunt's name fitted his to a charm."

"That is strange."

"Yes. She was a Walker. Couldn't have been more appropriate, could it? Ha! ha!"

There were silence and smoke after that until several stations had been passed, when a thin voice piped up:

"That's nothing so wonderful. Why, it isn't in it with the name of an aunt I had once. She isn't living now, poor thing, but she changed her name before she died. It was Drythirst."

"By act of legislature?" asked the man from the east.

"No. She married a man named Drinkwater."

More silence and smoke. Then the first speaker resumed:

"I knew a man in Salem, Mass., where my folks lived, who was always called Slowcome."

"Well, wasn't that his name?"

"No, it wasn't. He had a peculiar kind of a slow walk, and the Salem boys fixed that name on him. It made him so angry to be nicknamed that they followed him around calling 'Mr. Slowcome!' at his heels. He kept a shop, and they tormented him until he appealed to the police to raid the boys and protect him. A man in uniform was sent to read the riot act to the boys, which he did effectually. Then he went into the shop and said to the man they had nicknamed Slowcome: 'It's all right now, and you won't be called out of your name any more. Good day, Mr. Slowcome.'"

"I heard a story," said the man in the next seat, "of two ladies, mother and daughter. The girl was expecting a new young man acquaintance to call on her and was coaching her mother on his name. 'Now remember, ma, his name is Cowdry, and I want you to say it over so you won't forget it.' So when the young man called the mother met him with a hospitable smile and held out her hand. 'Good evening,' says the old lady; 'nice evening. I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Drycow.'"

"C-h-i-c-a-g-o!" called the conductor, and the interesting trio stepped from the car.—Chicago Times-Herald.

With a Dull Pencil.

The philosopher of the curbstone rises to remark that:

The vulgarest people on earth are those who talk most of the vulgarity of others.

When a woman says of another woman's hat, "It's a sight on her," she means she believes it would be becoming to herself.

It is only the married woman who says "Thank you" when you resign your seat in a street car. The others take it for granted.

The only difference between the average girl and the average widow is: The former is consumed with curiosity; the latter has lost hers.

Is it to be wondered at that the look in a burglar's eye is steely?—Detroit Free Press.

NEW CLOTHES.

What Ever Changing Fashion Says That Women Must Wear.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—I have always noticed that when things get as bad as they can be they turn to something better or worse. I think some other wise philosopher has said something like this before. It is true, anyhow. The new move toward a better condition of affairs is found in the natural reaction in skirts. The new Parisian name for them is "bonne femme"

NEW PLAITED SKIRT.

skirts, literally meaning fishwife or goodwife skirts. They are laid in plaits of all the way from half an inch to three inches deep all around. Those on the upper part are tacked down to the lining so that they fit the figure, though not with the same insistence of the skirts we now see. At the horse show they were ignored, but the entering wedge is made in the form of ball dresses for the young, and for a few house dresses there is a variety of ways to make these more ornamental than the simple plaits could do. The dress illustrated here is of fine cream white silk mull, over a skirt of crisp taffeta of the same shade. There are four rows of tucks of the same stuff, one having four, the next three and the last one. These take an agreeable undulation around the figure. The waist is made in the same manner, and it is fitted neatly to the body by the plaits. There is a soft belt of mauve china crape. At the neck there is a drapery of mauve and cream crepe lisse, with rosettes on the right shoulder and a bunch of tea roses on the left shoulder. It makes a pretty and a girlish dress. The skirts made in this way for out of doors will as a rule have the plaits laid deeper in what used to be called kilts. All the smooth faced woolen stuffs are well adapted to these, but patterns do not look well. The dainty and delicate new veilings in all wool in the pretty pastel tints will make up well in this style. Stiff and harsh stuffs like mohairs are not at all suitable, and silk cracks in no time—that is, the foreign silks will.

There are also quite a number of new skirts where the front and two side breadths are gored and all the rest is gathered in what women call gauging This brings all the fullness in a close bunch.

Just now attention seems to be taken up with furs and, oddly enough, fine lingerie. Some of the windows are really beautiful to see, with all white undergarments smothered in lace and decorated with pink or blue ribbons. This season the ribbon bows are about an inch wide, instead of the bunches of loops of baby ribbon of heretofore. Nothing short of photographs could depict the delicate beauty of these garments, so I will pass on to the furs and fur trimmed wraps.

Whether it is that the supply does not increase as fast as the people do that wear furs I do not know, but one thing I do notice, and that is that there are no very long or ample fur garments this season. The jackets are short, often in Eton form, and what capes there are seldom reach below the waist line and flare very little. Baby lamb jackets have the preference. There are one or two box coats made of very costly fur, but they will not be worn generally—not this season. Foxes of all kinds, from the yellow ones, called "red foxes," to the gray and silver, also black, are in high style. Opossum skins are dyed to imitate skunk, but make a coarse substitute. As the finer furs grow scarcer we have to look to the commoner animals. Opossum makes a very pretty fur after the long hairs are out.

You can buy all sorts of fur in strips ready to sew on garments. This is very handy and useful and transforms a cheap or faded garment into something handsome and seasonable. Some of the handsomest of the sporty looking kersey jackets have a narrow binding of fur down the edges and around the collar. These new jackets are of all lengths and exquisitely tailored and are in black, castor tan and pastels in the finest quality of broadcloth and kersey. They are all lined with silk or satin.

The mink, Persian and ermine collarettes are pretty for the young. Russian sable and Hudson bay sable are handsomer for the elderly ones. Seal victorines, with collars so high that it is difficult to tell which is collar and which is cape, are very stylish and cost all sorts of prices, even up to $200. As Aunt Jemima said, "Just think what intolerable benefits might be did for the heathen with all that money." OLIVE HARPER.

WHIM-WHAMS.

A Galaxy of Jests Called For Appreciative Readers.

Now let us see if Admiral Dewey can take orders as well as he could give them.

He—What's become of your pretty chafing dish?

She—Oh, it wouldn't burn, so I fired it!

Indignant Customer—You don't call that chili sauce, do you?

Polite Waiter—It's been on the ice all day, sir.

Bill—Everybody is talking about the big corn crop in the west.

Jill—That ought to make a lot of red ears.

Patience—Our teeth are our best friends, you know.

Patrice—No wonder we cry when we cut them, then.

Bill—Do bees ever live in cold climates?

Jill—No; they make it pretty warm wherever they are.

"There's one thing certain," remarked the observer of events and things, "that when it comes to blanketing a horse show beats a yacht race all hollow."

She—The flies are holding on pretty late. Don't you think so?

He—Well, I don't know whether they are holding on late or coming around early.

Yeast—Won't you and your wife join our whist club?

Crimsonbeak—No; the doctor says I must keep my wife as quiet as possible.

Yeast—I understand your wife has quite a reputation as a cook.

Crimsonbeak—Yes, she has, but it is not what you would call an enviable one.

The Cook—I do be thinkin we women should vote.

The Chambermaid—Shure, ye forgit ye'd have to live in one place for thurty days.—Yonkers Statesman.

High Lights.

Hospitality is not a duty unless the host pays his bills.

Ignorance is a man's idea of how much sugar it takes to sweeten cranberries.

By being a good listener you will escape getting picked up on pronunciation.

A woman never admits that her shoes are tight; they are only a trifle snug.

When you send dainty food to an invalid, it is stingy not to send enough for two.

If we love our neighbors as we love ourselves, they will be more conceited than we are.

Learn how to listen and thus disappoint people who want to go away and tell all you say.—Chicago Record.

Saved the Vase.

The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed, after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand!" he commanded the tearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father. "Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

Salt Water Baths.

For a hand bath (a bath given to the body by use of the hands only or by sponge or cloth) place a handful of salt in a basin as ordinarily filled for washing. Allow the salt to dissolve or hasten the action by stirring it with the hand. The water should be as cold as you have vitality to withstand. Use no soap. Bathe the entire body. Do not neglect the face and neck in the free use of the salt water.

This bath has an exhilarating influence, tones the entire system and gives to the skin a healthful condition that amply repays for the time and trouble involved. If used in the winter, it will be an excellent preventive of colds, besides being a substitute for face cosmetics. No chapping, no roughness of the skin and no clogging of the pores will trouble the person who systematically and regularly takes a bath of this sort.

Ordinary table salt or rock salt will do, but will not do so well. The sea salt contains medicinal properties not found in the others. Whether one exercises or not the body should receive a daily hand bath of cold or cool water, especially in the summer, either upon rising or before retiring.—Edward B. Warman in Ladies' Home Journal.

We are open evenings. J. B. Smith. No. 222 South Main st.

Kaffir Huts.

The Kaffirs live in peculiar balloon shaped huts, made by planting long, slim branches or trunks of trees in a circle and bending their tops to the center, where they are fastened. Native flat grasses are then woven in and out between these branches.

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